

10/1909



The Morning Choral Club

SAINT LOUIS

Members' Day

Wednesday Club Auditorium

Monday Morning, October Twenty-fifth

Eleven o'clock

Nineteen hundred and nine

The Club presents

Mr. Herbert Witherspoon

7826
M866p

I

- Aria—"Seligster Erquickungstag" - - - J. S. Bach
- From the Cantata No. 70—"Watch, Pray, be always ready"
- Aria—Non piu andrai - - - W. A. Mozart
- From the opera "Le Nozze di Figaro"

II

- Liebeslaushen } - - - Schubert
- An Schwager Kronos }
- Mit Deinen Blauen Augen - - - Strauss
- Todesehnen - - - Brahms
- Die Oasis } - - - Loewe
- Der Erbkönig }

III

- Stornello } - - - Sinigaglia
- La Siciliana }
- Serenata Friulana }
- Les Trois Petits Chats Blancs - - - Pierné
- Extase - - - Salomon

IV

- When I am dead my dearest - - - Austin
- Auvergnat - - - Goodhart
- Flow Gently Sweet Afton - - Old Scotch Melody
- The Auld Fisher - - - Old Scotch Melody
- My Heart and I Hungarian Folk Song arranged by Korbay
- The Golden Vanity, Old English Song arranged by Gardiner
- The Twelve Days of Christmas,
Old English Song arranged by Austin

Seligster Erquickunstag
 Führe mich zu deinen Zimmern
 Schalle, knalle, letzter Schlag
 Welt und Himmel, gehtzu Trümmern
 Jesus führet mich zur Stille
 An den Ort, da Lust die Fülle.

O BLESSED DAY OF COMFORT.—*Bach.*

O Blessed day of Comfort,
 Bring me to thy dwelling,
 Strike, sound the last knell,
 Earth and Heaven fall in ruins,
 Jesus leads me on to rest
 To that place where is joy in plenty.

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

“Non piu andrai.”

Non piu andrai, farfallone amoroso,
 Notte e giorno d'intorno girando,
 Delle belle turbando il riposo,
 Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor,
 Non piu avrai questi bei pennacchini,
 Quele capello leggiere galante,
 Quella chioma, quell' aria brillante,
 Quel vermiglio donnesco color.

Fraguerrieri, poffar Bacco!
 Gran mustacchi, stretto ascco,
 Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,
 Collo dritto, muso franco,
 Un gran casco, un gran turbante,
 Molto onor, poco contante, poco contante, poco contante.
 Ed invece del fandango,
 Una marcia per il fango,
 Per montagne, per valloni,
 Colle nevi e i sol Liono,
 Al concerto di tromboni,
 Di bombarde, di canoni,
 Che le palle in tut ti i tuoni
 All 'orecchio fan fischiar.
 Cherubino alla vittoria,
 Alla gloria militar.

Now your days of philand'ring are over,
 And your straying from flower to flower,
 You'll no more, as a faithless young rover,
 Play Adonis with each pretty maid.

Now put off all your dainty belongings,
 Cap beplumed and the gewgaws and laces,
 Shear your locks, now no need of their graces,
 Soon these lilies and roses shall fade.

Now 'mid warriors grim carousing,
Long moustache and beard imposing,
Pile your knapsack, gun to shoulder,
Head uplifted, you'll grow bolder,
Shining helmet, and gait imperious,
Endless fame, Purse impecunious, purse impecunious, purse
impecunious,
Stead of dance by flow'ry border,
"March at midnight" is the order.
Over mountain, over valley,
Through the rain and mud you sally,
Till the trumpet calls to battle,
And 'mid shells and cannons' rattle,
Ranks of flying, comrades dying,
Of your prowess shall be told.

You shall have a life of glory,
Cherubino, brave and bold.

LIEBESLAUSCHEN—*Schubert.*

Hier unten steht ein Ritter,
Im hellen Mondenstrahl,
Und singt zu seiner Zither
Ein Lied von süssem Qual;
"Lüfte,—spannt die blauen Schwingen,"
Sanft für meine Botschaft aus,
Rufet sie mit leisem Wiegen
An dies Fensterlein heraus."

Sagt ihr, dass im Blätterdache,
Seufzt ein wohlbekannter Laut,
Sagt ihr, dass nach einer Wache,
Und die Nacht sei kühl und traut,
Sagt ihr, wie des Mondes Welle,
Sich an ihrem Fenster bricht,
Sagt ihr, wie der Wald, die Quelle,
Heimlich und von Liebe spricht.

Lass ihn leuchten durch die Bäume
Deines Bildes süssem Schein,
Das sich hold in meine Träume,
Und mein Wachen webet ein.
Doch drang die zarte Weise
Wohl nicht zu Liebchens Ohr,
Der Sanger schwang sich leise
Zum Fensterlein empor.

Und oben zog der Ritter
Ein Kränzchen aus der Brust,
Das band er fest am Gitter,
Und seufzte "Blüht im Lust."
Und fragt sie, wer euch brachte,
Dann Blumen, thut ihr kund:
Ein Stimmchen unten lachte,
"Dein Ritter Liebemund."

I saw a good Knight glitter,
Beneath the moonlight clear;
He warbled to his zither
As though his love were near.
"Breezes, through the midnight soaring,
Swiftly with my message go:
Call her soft with tones imploring,
At her lattice murmur low."

Tell her how in shadows lonely,
Sighing sounds a lute she knows,
Tell how that love wakes only,
And the night in silence goes.
Tell her how the moon's white beaming
Wavelike on her window pours.
Tell her how the brooks in streaming
Sing of love to all their shores.

O thou fairest, answer making,
Let thy face belov'd appear,
That alone "O'er all my waking
And my dreaming, shines so clear!"
But e'er it reached her chamber
The tender music died.
I saw the singer clamber
Up to her window side.

Among the leafy shadows,
A garland he did kiss,
And bound it to her lattice
And whispered "Bloom in Bliss!"
And if she asked who plucked you
O, blossom make it known!
A little voice laughed answer
"Thy lover's lips alone!"

AN SCHWAGER KRONOS—*Schubert.*

Spute dich, Kronos, fort den rasselnden Trott!
Bergab gleitet der Weg, bergab gleitet der Weg.
Ekles Schwindeln zogert mir vor die Stirne dein Zaudern
Frisch, holpert es gleich, uber Stock und Steine den Trott
Rasch in's Leben hinein, rasch in's Leben hinein.
Nun schon wieder den erathmenden Schritt
Nun schon wieder mühsam Berg hinauf!
Auf denn, nicht trage denn, strebend und hoffend hinan!
Weit, hoch, herrlich! rings den Blick in's Leben hinein!
Vom Gebirg um Gebirg schwebet der ewige Geist,
Ewigen Lebens ahndevoll.

Seiwärts des Ueberdachs Schatten zieht dich an,
Und ein Frischung verheissender Blick auf der Schwelle das
Mädchens da.
Labe dich, labe dich! mir auch, Mädchen, diesen schäumenden
Trank,
Diesen frischen Gesundheitsblick!
Ab denn, rascher hinab! Sieh' die Sonne sinkt!
Eh! sie sinkt, eh! mich Greisen ergreift im Moore Nebelduft
Entzahnte Kiefer schnattern, und dass schlotternde Gebein

Trunken vom letzten Strahl, reiss mich, ein Feuermeer mir
im schäumenden Aug'
Mich geblendeten in der Hölle nächtliches Thor
Töne Schwager in's Horn, rassel den schallenden Trab;
Das der Orkus vernehme: wir kommen, dass gleich an der
Thur der Wirth uns freundlich emplange.

Haste thee now, Kronos!
Hence in clangorous trot!
Down hill glideth our way:
Here my head is dazed and swimming
While thou art delaying.
On! rough though it be, over stock and stone trot along
Swiftly on into life;
What! already at a foot-pace again?
What! already going up-hill again?
On, then, nor tarry then,
Striving and hoping, fare on!
Far, high, glorious!
What a view around over life!
On from height to height passes the eternal spirit,
Life everlasting bearing on.

Shady a roof overhanging lures thee aside,
And of promised refreshment gaze on the threshold from
yonder maid.
Take thy fill! I, too, Maiden would enjoy this foaming glass,
This refreshing and wholesome gaze!
Down then! Swifter away!
See the sun doth sink!
Ere he sinks,
Ere my old age is beset by misty lowland damps
And toothless jaws are mumbling
And the tottering frame decays,
Thrilled by the last bright glow,
Snatch me, a sea of fire foaming yet in my eyes,
Draw me dazzled and staggering
Thro' the mighty portals of hell!
Wind, Postillion, thy horn,
Hasten the echoing hoofs,
So that Orcus be warned of your coming,
That e'en at the door the friendly host may receive us.

TODESSEHNEN.

Ach, wernimmt von meiner Seele die geheime, schwere Last,
Die, je mehr ich sie verhehle, immer mächtiger mich fasst,
Möchtest du nur endlich brechen, mein gequältes banges Herz!
Findest hier mit deinen Schwachen, deiner Liebe, nichts als
Schmerz,
Dort nur wirst du ganz genesen, wo der Sehnsucht nichts
mehr fehlt.
Wo das schwesterliche Wesen deinen Wesen sichvermahlt.

Hör es, Vater in der Höhe, aus der Fremde fleht dein Kind:
Gieb, dass er mich bald umwehe, deines Todes Lebenswind.
Dass er zu dem Stern mich hebe, wo man keine Trennung
kennt,
Wo die Geistersprache Leben mit der Liebe Namen nennt.

SHADOWS OF DEATH.

Ah, when shall I cast the burden that weighs down my spirit's
wings,
And the more I would conceal it, stronger fetters o'er it
flings,
Break, oh break, and cease from troubling, my tormented
anxious heart!
Here thy frailty, thy devotion nought will meet but bitter
smart.
Never shall thou cease from grieving till thou reach the
fields above,
Where with kindred souls united, thou shalt know that life
is love.

Father,, from yon starry heavens hear thy child in alien land:
Let the pale Death Angel call me, waft me to the spirit strand.
In that star let me awaken where we meet to part no more,
Where to live is adoration, let me find yon blessed shore.

MIT DEINEN BLAUEN AUGEN—*Strauss.*

Mit deinen blauen Augen
Siehst du mich lieblich an
Da ward mir so träumend zu Sinne,
Das ich nicht sprechen kann.

An deine blauen Augen
Gedenk' ich allerwärts:
Ein Meer von blauen Gedanken,
Ergiesst sich über mein Herz.

YOUR BLUE EYES.

Your blue eyes, sweetly tender,
So move me by their gaze,
My mind lost in day-dreams ignoring,
My tongue no more obeys.

Your blue' eyes, sweetly tender,
In my thoughts ever dwell:—
An ocean of azure musing
O'whelms my heart with its swell.

DIE OASIS—*Loewe.*

Wie lockt der Palmen grunes Dach,
Wie rieselt hell der stille Bach,
Wenn draussen in der Sonne Gluth
Das Sandmeer augwogt Fluth bie Fluth!

Ein bunt durchwebtes, Blütenkleid
Ist auf den Boden hingestreut,
Und aus den Blüten rein und hell,
Springt murmelnd auf der frische Quell.

THE OASIS.

Alluring green of palms displayed
Where rills the brooklet 'neath their shade,
Around, about, a flaming sun
Beats on the sand-sea's waves upflung.

A veil of blossoms manifold
Upon the ground has been unrolled,
And from their brightness issuing,
There bubbles up the cool clear spring.

ERLKÖNIG.

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind,
Eh hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihm sicher, er hält ihn warm.

“Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang' dein Gesicht?”
Siehst Vater du den Erbkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?
“Mein Sohn, das ist ein Nebelstreif!”

Komm, liebes Kind, komm, geh' mit mir,
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir,
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch' gulden Gewand.

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?
“Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind,
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.”

Willst feiner Knabe, du mit mir geh'n?
Meinen Töchter sollen dich warten schon,
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reih'n
Und weigen und tanzen und singen dich ein.

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düsteren Ort?
“Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh' es genau,
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.”

Ich lieb' dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt,
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich Gewalt,
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an,
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leid's gethan.

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in den Armen das achzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Noth,
In seinen Armen das Kind war todt.

THE ERLKING.

Who rideth so late in the night so wild?
It is the father who bears his child;
And well the boy he folds in his arm,
He clasps him closely, he holds him warm.

"My son, why hidest thy face thou in fear?"
"Oh father, see, the Erlking is near!
The Erlking yonder, with train and crown!"
"My son, the mists are trailing down."

"Thou darling child, come, go with me,
And lovely plays I'll play with thee,
Where gayest flowers are in the wold,
And my mother has many a garment of gold."

"My father, my father, and canst thou not hear
The Erlking whispering now in mine ear?"
"O hush thee, never fear thee, my son,
'Tis yon dry leaves, where winds ever moan."

"My dainty boy, wilt thou come with me,
Where my daughters fondly shall care for thee?
Where my daughters nightly their revel will keep,
And rock thee, and dance thee, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and wilt thou not look
On Erlking's daughters in yonder dark nook?"
"My son, my son, I see well enow,
The hoary old willow glimmer below."

"I love thee, so charming art thou and so fair,
And art thou not willing, my power beware!"
"My father, my father! how icy his clasp!
Ah, how it hurts me, the Erlking's grasp!"

The father shudders—he rideth apace,
He claspeth his son in yet closer embrace,
He reaches home, forspent with dread:
Within his arms the child was dead!

STORNELLO—*Sinigaglia*.

Bella, bellina, quando via per acqua,
La via della fontana ti favella;
E'l rusignol che canta per la macchia,
E'va dicendo che sei la piu bella.

Sei la piu bella e piu graziosina
Sembri una rosa colta sulla spina;
Sei la piu bella e la piu graziosetta,
Sembri una rosa sulla spina fresca.

STORNELLO—*Sinigaglia.*

My beauty, even the fountain speaks of you,
And the nightingale singing in the hedge proclaims your beauty.
You are the most beautiful and graceful,
Like a lovely rose above the thorn.

LA SICILIANA—*Sinigaglia.*

E forte ed e gentile il mio amore
Quale un diamante fulgido e fatal
Bene gli sta de l'armi lo splendore,
E mai non trema il suo pugnol
Deh fate largo che passa l'amor
Largo, lasciate lo passar.
Se c'e qualcuna che gli porta amor,
Prendo il coltel, e glielo pianto in cor.

LA SICILIAN—*Sinigaglia.*

My love is brave and gentle, like a glittering but fateful
diamond,
The splendor of his weapons well becomes him, and he never
fears the fight,
So, make way when my lover passes, make room, let him
pass,
If another would love him, I will plunge my dagger deep in
her heart!

SERENATA FRIULANA—*Sinigaglia.*

Buona sera, casa scure
Fate un poco di chiaror,
Quest 'e ben la prima volta,
Che qui vengoa far l'amor!
Dammi, dammi, caro amore,
Un tuo sguardo, un tuo sospir,
Che il mio cuore si consolo,
Cessi alfine di soffrir,
Tutti dicon, che son gaia,
Ma nel cor non vede alcun,
La passione che ci tengo,
Non la crede, no, nessun,
Ed io canto, canto, canto,
E non so, non so perche
Forse canto solamente,
Sai, per non pensare ate.
La rozade de mattine,
Bagne il flor del sentiment,
La rozade de la sere
Bagna il flor del sentiment.
Li montagnis si slontamis
E lu cil se va slargiand,
E cussi la me' morose
E si va desmenteand.

SERENATA FRIULANA—*Simigaglia.*

Good evening, darkened house, pray, give a little light,
Give me a glance, a sigh, dear love, to console my heart and
stop my suffering.
Every word from you can make me joyful, but no one sees
the passion in my heart,
And I sing and sing, but do not know why.
The morning brings sentiment, and the evening repentance,
The mountains lengthen in the dimness, the heavens flatten
in the dusk,
And I would gladly forget that I love so truly but so painfully.

LES TROIS PETITS CHATS BLANCS.—*Pierné*

Ils étaient trois petits chats blancs
Toujours pomponnés de rubon
Le premier au coin de L'oreille
Portait une rôse vermeille
Le deuxième un rouge pâvôt
Large et pesant coquelicot
Et le troisième avait derrière
Une rose jaune tremiere
Surveillés par un vieux corbeau
Haut juché sur un escabeau
Ils entourâient une soupière
Et le bouillon qui mi jotait
U'était pas brouet de sorcière
Mais bouillon d'herbes et de poulet.

THE THREE LITTLE WHITE CATS.

There were once three little white cats,
Alawys decked out with ribbon,
The first at the corner of his ear
Wore a vermillion rose,
The second a large red poppy,
And the third a gay yellow rose.
Watched over by an old crow,
Perched high up on a stool,
They surrounded a soup dish,
And the soup which simmered
Was not made by a sorceress
But was boullion of herbs and chicken.

EXTASE.

J'étais seul, pres des flôts, par une unit d'étoiles,
Pas un nuage aux cieus, sur les mers pas de voiles,
Mes yeux plongeâient plus lion que le monde réèl
Et les bois, et les monts, et toute la nature,
Semblaient interrogér dans un confus murmure,
Les flots des mers, les feux du ciel!

Et les étoiles d'or, légions infinies,
A voix haute, a voix basse, avec mille harmonies,
Disaient, en inclinant leurs couronnes de feu ;
Et les flôts bleus que rein ne gôuverne et n' arrête,
Disâient en recourbant l'écume de leur crête :
C'est le Seigneur, le Seigneur Dieu !

EXSTACY—*Salomon.*

I was alone near the waves one starry night,
Not a cloud in the sky, no mist over the sea,
My eyes saw far beyond the world of reality,
And the woods and the mountains,
And all nature seemed to question in a confused murmur,
The waves of the sea, the fires of heaven.
And the golden stars, in infinite legions,
In loud voice and in soft, with a thousand harmonies,
Said, while bowing their crowns of fire ;
And the blue waves which nothing governs or controls,
Said, while bending back the froth of their crests,
It is the Lord, the Lord God !

WHEN I AM DEAD, MY DEAREST.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me ;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree ;
Be the green grass above me
With show'rs and dewdrops wet ;
And if thou wilt remember,
And if thou wilt forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain :
And dreaming through the twilight,
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
Haply I may forget.

AUVERGNAT.

There was a man was half a clown
(It's so, my father tells of it),
He saw the church in Clermont Town,
And laughed to hear the bells of it.

He laughed to hear the bells that ring
In Clermont Church and round of it ;
He heard the verger's daughter sing,
And loved her for the sound it it.

The verger's daughter said him nay
(She had the right of choice in it);
He left the town at break of day
(He hadn't had a voice in it).

The road went up, the road went down,
And there the matter ended it;
He broke his heart in Clermont Town,
At Pontgibaud they mended it.

—*Hilaire Belloc.*

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
Thou stockdove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon thorny den,
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides,
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays,
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow Gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE AULD FISHER—Old Scotch Song.

There was an auld fisher; he sat by the wa'!
An' he luikit oot ower the sea!
An' the bairnies were playin'! he smiled on them a',
But the tear it stude in his e'e.

An' it's oh! to win awa', awa'!
An' it's oh! to win awa'!
Whaur the bairns come hame,
An' the wives they bide;
An' God is the Feyther o' a'!

Jocky and Jamies and Tammy oot there,
A' i' the boatie gaed doon;
An' I'm ower auld to fish ony mair,
An' I hinna the chance to droon.
An' it's oh! to win awa'! etc.

An' Jeanie she grat to ease her hert,
An' she easit hersel' awa',
But I'm ower auld for the tears to stert,
An' sae the sighs maun blaw!
An' it's oh! to win awa'! etc.

Lord, steer me hame whaur my Lord has steert,
For I'm tired o' life's rockin' sea,
And dinna be lang, for I'm near han' feart
I'm maist ower auld to dee!
An' it's oh! to win awa'! etc.

Lack-a-day! this troublesome heart!
It and love are never apart!
Of the crowds of pretty lasses,
Ev'ryone that near me passes
Sets on fire this troublesome heart!

To each one I vow to be true,
Heart says, I'll beat only for you!
But alas! Here comes another,
Quick, my conscience I must smother,
All to please this butterfly heart!

Vow it anew!
Swear to be true!
Tell her your love
Constant will prove!
Prithee good friend,
How will it end?
Better we part
I and my heart!

THE GOLDEN VANITY.

Now Jack he had a ship in the North Counteree:
She went by the name of the Golden Vanity.
"I fear she will be taken by the Turkish enemy,
As she sails upon the Lowlands low."

Then up spake the little saucy cabin-boy,
Saying, "Sir, what will you give me if do her destroy?"
"It's I will give thee gold, and I will give thee store,
And you shall have my daughter when I return on shore,
If you sink her in the Lowlands low!"
This boy bent his breast and he jumped in:
This boy bent his breast and away he did swim:
He swam till he came to the Turkish gall-a-ly,
As she sailed upon the Lowlands low.

This boy had an auger pierc'd her in a trice,
He bored a mighty hole in the bottom of the sloop,
Where some was playing cards, and some was playing dice,
And he let the water in and it dazzled all their eyes,
And he sank them in the Lowlands low.

This boy bent his breast and again jumped in;
This boy bent his breast and away back did swim:
He swam till he came to the starboard side,
Saying, "Master, take me up, or else I shall die."
And he'd sunk them in the Lowlands low.

Then they took him up and laid him on the starboard side;
They laid him on the deck and then he did die.
They wrapped him up in an old cow's hide,
And they sank him in the Lowlands low.

